THE PACIFIC

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Theo Sem ng Room

MOODS IN SILENCE.

Let us be quiet now; let all the voice
  Be of calm waters, while the silence sings,
  Like a vast rumor of unheard of things
That know not grief, nor dream how men rejoice.

The low hills love the silence; in the haze
  They dream of what the sea is murmuring
  In dim reverberance—some hidden thing
The sea learns from its heavenward endless gaze.

These things hold perfect knowledge; lo, the sea,
  The hills all satisfied forever; lo!
  The full sun seeth, and the great winds know;
And these things are, while we but strive to be.

—Nina Salaman.

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

DRAMATIC AND SIGNIFICANT UTTERANCES AND SCENES IN A CHURCH IN BERKELEY.

That the pastor of the First "Christian" Church of Berkeley has the support of the major part of the membership in the position which he takes on the matter of baptism is evident from certain dramatic occurrences at the services last Sunday morning.

At that time Mr. Loken gave an address on baptism, ably arguing that it was never intended as more than an initiatory rite—not necessary to salvation; and that the church could not consistently refuse the fullest fellowship to all baptized believers whether the mode of their baptism had been by sprinkling or immersion. All had to admit, all did admit, that the unimmersed believers were Christians; they had Christian fellowship outside the church organization by all persons connected with the religious body with which he was affiliated; they were invited by them to the fellowship of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and consistency therefore demanded this further step—that they be given, whenever sought, full membership.

Mr. Loken, we understand, is of opinion that in the early church, in apostolic days, baptism was by immersion. However, being only symbolical, and initiatory into the fellowship of believers, and not an essential to salvation, he holds that exact conformity is not necessary. Sunday morning he reminded his people that their observance of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not according to the early church practice, and that if he were to return to the ancient custom some of them would be inclined to excommunicate him, just as now, it seems, some of them are desirous of doing because of his attitude on the question of baptism.

It was interesting to hear Mr. Loken declare to some of his brethren, members of the official board at one time, that under cover, secretly, they had practiced for four years what he advocated—reception to membership by letter of the unimmersed, and that now, when he brought the matter out into the open they condemned him. Their excuse was that they didn't have the heart to exercise their authority. "But, if you didn't have the heart to do it—what's wrong in it?" asked the pastor. "Who put it into your heart?" "Are you more affectionate than God is?" "Let us never adopt a system of theology that would stamp God as less loving than we are." And again: When we say, "This is the Bible," let us see to it that there is no ground for anyone to say, "No; it is only your interpretation of it!"

At the close of this able address, all of which was lovingly and in beautiful spirit, a retired minister, who is a member of the church, arose and said, among other things: "Brother Loken, a stranger hearing you this morning would never take you to be a member of the 'Christian' Church; you have grossly misrepresented it! Would you be willing that some one who does understand it and can properly represent it occupy the pulpit for a few Sundays and present these matters understandingly and aright?" And when Mr. Loken replied that he would, the protestant took his seat.

Then came the highly dramatic scene of the hour. An aged woman arose and asked permission to say a few words. She stated that she was a stranger to both the pastor and the members; that she had seen in the papers that the subject of baptism was agitating the church and was to be considered that morning in the pulpit, and that as one interested in the progress of the kingdom of Christ on the earth she had come as a devout listener. Years ago, at the early age of ten, she had been baptized in running water into the "Christian" fellowship; all her life she had been a Bible student; and now she desired to say that the sermon she had heard that morning was a necessary one for this century, and that if this, the church of her choice, and of life-long devotion, was to shut itself up in a little corner as the brother who had just spoken advocated—then it had almost served its period of usefulness.

Never have we heard more hearty and ringing applause than that which sounded through that auditorium when this woman—"Sojourner Truth," we have decided to call her—so eloquently championed the cause of truth and progress.

Some influence, like that which had led her there, led the pastor to close the service most appropriately by asking for the singing of the doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

If, as the indications now are, this "Christian" church, close by our renowned university, under the very wing of the theological school of the religious body of which it is a part, takes the consistent, logical attitude to which its pastor is lovingly working to bring it, the action will mark an epoch in the history of that body and will open up the way for further steps that will greatly advance the kingdom of God upon the earth.

But stubborn opposition may be expected both here and elsewhere. An evangelist who resides in Berkeley says: "Immersion is not a mode of baptism. It is baptism itself. Sprinkling and pouring are not modes of baptism, but very poor substitutes. We have always stood for baptism as taught in the New Testament. The matter was settled some 1900 years ago, and any vote taken by the Berkeley Christian church would tend only to unsettle it. The conditions of church membership are given us by Christ, and if men refuse to comply with these conditions they shut themselves out of the church."

In order to show further what this progressive Berkeley pastor is up against, reference is here made to an editorial in The Christian Evangelist, the leading denominational paper, on the 7th of December. Some one in Cali-

fornia, now that the Pacific Christian is no longer published, before subscribing for the St. Louis paper, sounded it on the matter of receiving the unimmersed into church membership. The editorial reply was that The Christian Evangelist was "unable to believe that this is a question at issue among us. In our long experience we have not known of any churches among us that wanted to receive the unbaptized into their membership." Then follows the declaration that "Christian baptism is the immersion of a penitent believer into Jesus Christ."

And further; "For the Disciples to cease setting forth the New Testament teaching on Christian baptism at this hour in the religious history of the world would be superb folly and would mean the introduction of a great source of weakness among us. Furthermore, the introduction of the practice of receiving the unimmersed into our churches, instead of promoting Christian union would bring another rent into the already pathetically divided Church of Christ. The Disciples wou'd not for a moment tolerate its introduction. Why produce another division in the Church of Christ in the interest of unity?

"The Christian Evangelist has no fears that the Disciples will ever indulge in any practice so contrary to plain scriptural teaching, or one that would so immediately produce a division among our churches."

Mr. Loken, it should be noted, not wishing to damage in any way the theological school in Berkeley, has presented his resignation as a teacher therein. That was PACIFIC EIGHT a
wise. But the pastorate is a different matter. His church is congregational in polity. The majority rule. Can he, then, carry his church with him so strongly as to make it a leavening influence in that whole religious body and thus usher in a day of better things for the kingdom of God upon the earth? That is the question upon which much now hinges.

That God will impart unto him richly the spirit of wisdom and tact is the prayer of The Pacific.

THE PACIFIC COAST EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

Since Mills College was founded as a young ladies' seminary at Benicia in 1852, more than 8000 girls have studied within its walls. Mrs. Mills said recently: "They are scattered widely now in twenty-eight states and countries. Not all have been graduates, but all have been our dear girls, many of them now home and foreign missionaries, founders of schools, good teachers, wives and mothers. My heart goes out in tenderness to all, including the husbands and dear little children. How many there are! The Lord bless them all. Not a day passes that my heart does not go out in earnest prayer that God will bless every one and make each one a blessing."

Dr. and Mrs. Mills took charge of the institution in 1865 and in 1871 it was located on its present beautiful grounds near Oakland. It was the fervent wish of these educators to establish here on the Pacific coast an educational institution which should be to these Western states what Mt. Holyoke was to New England. In ways immeasurable Mills College has entered into the life of the Pacific coast. Educated, useful, Christian womanhood has always been the ideal at Mills. Fortunate the young woman who can have her life shaped by the influences regnant at Mills College, and who can go out into the activities of the great world with the intellectual equipment which can be acquired there through the courses of study which are provided.

Dr. Luella Clay Carson, the president since 1909, when Mrs. Mills became president emeritus, was for several years dean of women at the University of Oregon and professor of rhetoric and American literature. From 1880 to 1885 she was preceptress at Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon, an educational institution dear to the hearts of many Pacific coast Congregationalists. Dr. Carson's achievements in an educational way entitle her to the degrees of A. M., Litt. D., and LL. D.

"SOJOURNER TRUTH."

In an editorial in The Pacific this week we speak of a certain woman who was the center of a dramatic scene in a church in Berkeley last Sunday as "Sojourner Truth." We accordingly give here a brief sketch of the actual Sojourner Truth:

Sojourner Truth was born of negro slave parents in Ulster county, New York, about 1775. When ten years old she was purchased by John J. Dumont, and though she was free under the emancipation law of New York State, enacted in 1817, she did not secure her liberty until 1827, when she escaped to New York City. Later she resided in Northampton, Mass. In 1851 she commenced a lecturing tour in Western New York, in company with several abolitionists, and afterwards traveled in different parts of the United States, speaking on temperance, politics, women's rights and the negro question. Se was nearly six feet tall, had a strong voice, and though she could neither read nor write was a great attraction as a lecturer. During her tours she carried with her a book called "The Book of Life," in which appeared the autographs of notable abolitionists. Her read name was Isabella, but she adopted the name Sojourner, holding that God had whispered it to her, and appended the word Truth to indicate that she would always preach the truth. She died in Battle Creek, Mich., November 26, 1883.

The foregoing is substantially what is said of this noted historical character in Harper's Encyclopedia of United States History. We hadn't had a thought concerning her for years, so far as we remember. But when the woman stranger was speaking in that Berkeley church, as we record elsewhere, the appellation of this historical character flashed across the brain and affixed itself to her. She was a sojourner and she spoke the truth as convincingly as the colored woman had spoken it in anti-slavery times.

When the Berkeley congregation had been dismissed the woman went her way, it is reported, without anyone learning who she was or where she belonged. It is not surprising that some of the members of that church are wondering whether they did not have last Sunday an angelic messenger such as came to devout Israelites in days of old.

Christmas looks and words are very
Sure to make the Christmas merry;
Tongues that speak the truth sincere,
Hearts that hold each other dear,
These will make a happy year.

— Rossiter W. Raymond.

THE CROSS AND THE CITY.

A Sunday Evening Sermon by Herbert A. Jump, in the First Congregational Church of Oakland.

For the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city. John 19:20.

Christ began life in the country, but he ended his life in and near the city. The manger on that first Christmas day was amid rural surroundings; the stars shone down upon quiet meadows and gentle shepherds; the breath of the kine warmed the air where the Lord was born. But when he came to his death, it was within sound of the great metropolis; the streets and bazaars were thronged with pilgrims from many lands, while multitudes of curious folk gazed upon his elevated cross. "The place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city." The gospel of Jesus Christ is, therefore, a gospel for the city. It must be such, else it would not be the gospel for this age or this land.

It was on this cross, this cross over against the city walls, that the inner meaning of Christ's life shone forth in dazzling clearness. In our childlike, enthusiastic moods we turn instinctively to the stories of Christ's nativity. We think again of Jesus the Babe, of Mary the Madonna-Mother, of the star, the shepherds, the angels, and only by remembering these chapters in Christ's biography are we fitted to understand the later chapters. But when the care-free mind of the child gives way to the serious thought of manhood and womanhood, when we seek to know the meaning and destiny of human life, then we turn to those later pages in the Master's biography, the pages which show him, a grown man, confronted by problems, meeting with opposition, moving with a stately ca'm on to His passion, and finally hanging with a triumphant sorrow on Calvary's cross. What is the core of the Christian message as it enters human history through its Founder? Joy, peace, truth, comfort, strugg'e? All of these it surely means, but in addition something finer, higher, deeper, sadder—something that demands more even as it is more rewarding. The core of the Christian religion is sacrifice. And that message of sacrifice was displayed in great, burning headlines against the blue of the Syrian sky one Friday many hundred years ago, as the multitudes in the city peered over the walls, and saw out yonder, high on Golgotha, three crosses standing in silent eloquence.

It is good to know the child Christ, the teacher Christ, the preacher Christ, the Great Physician Christ, the poet Christ, the reformer Christ, but you have not entered into the vastness of his significance for this world, until you know him as the crucified Christ. And this crucified Christ, I remind you again, hung not on some pleasant mound amid the green fields of Galilee, but just outside the city gates. The location of the cross symbolized the purpose of the cross. It was the seething metropolis which needed pre-eminently this message.

As human civilization culminates in the mighty city, so the ministry of Jesus, the Son of Man, culminates in Calvary. The two belong together. Calvary would be out of place were it not near a city. So you have the scene and it is both dramatic and illuminating. On this side the capital city, with its great population, its helpless ignorance, its cruelty, its lust, its se'fishness, its sin, but vaguely longing for life; on that side, the Son of God, the Infinite Redeemer, suffering, dying on a cross, that the great city might have life; was there ever such a picture in all the art-gallery of the centuries? The cross was for the city; the city needs the cross.

When the cross was set up over against the city and the law of the cross was promulgated by the Christ for the guidance of humankind, an immediate and irreconcilable conflict was begun. For the city already had its law, a law with which it was very we'l satisfied, and a law which was not the law of the cross. If you had been in Jerusalem the day of the crucifixion, you could have learned what that law was by following the crowd. Where did the crowd probably go as soon as the excitement of the execution was over? It undoubtedly sought out the place which lies at the heart of every Oriental city, the public bazaar or market. Their action was symbolic. In the East, and for that matter in Europe, too, the life of the city gathers about the market place. Here the council-chamber and house of justice are located; here the multitude gather for business and pleasure; here life reaches its climax of variety and color and enthusiasm. As the city is the heart of the country district, so the market is the heart of the city. And as the city controls the country, so the market controls the city.

I shall never forget sitting on a hotel piazza overlooking the huge market place or Soko of Tangier in Morocco, a few years ago. It was a kaleidoscope of color, a world's parliament of races, a babel of tongues. Until I saw the motley throng gathered there, representing many peoples and every walk in life, grizzly mountaineers from the South in brown cloaks of rough and undressed wool, merchants in cream white burnooses, Spaniards in gay and variegated European costume, but all alert, keen, and pursuing their respective ends, never till then did I realize what a market place was to a city of the old world. It was the people's huge department store, but it was much more. As the strolling snake-charmer p'ied his trade I realized it was the people's theatre. As the story-teller held hundreds entranced by his dramatic words, I realized it was the people's public library.

For many this market place was also their school, it was their on'y club, it afforded their principal means of pleasure. The city came to a focus in its market. Tangier could get along without its mosque but it must have its market.

Now a market place is a place of business. The modern city, as well as the ancient, is usual'y built around a market, because business is the main thing in the city. It was business that created the city in the first place; it is the spirit of business that dominates the city today. As the Soko was everything to the Moors who lived in Tangier, so the methods and ideals and standards of business tend to exercise sway over all departments of life in a modern city. The spirit of the market invades the home, for example, and marriages are made—and unmade—not for love but for business. It sometimes invades even the church, and the pu'pit is allowed to preach only such truth as will not disturb business. When Prof. Huxley first visited the United States years ago, he was amazed at our sky-scrapers more than at anything else. "And where are your churches?" he asked. His guide was compelled to answer, "They are hidden behind the sky-scrapers." Was it not a humiliating confession? Industry and business work havoc often with the material edifice of the church. It is to be hoped that they may never work havoc with the spiritual life of the church. I know a New England city where a church of of the Lord Jesus Christ now serves as a boiler house for a screw factory. The last time I passed by I was shocked

to see the overflow from the bins of coal pouring out through the windows of the sacred chancel where formerly the incense of prayer was wont to be offered. Yes, even the church has to guard itself against the assaults of the spirit of the market.

Business in these modern days is omnipotent. It laughs at space, it scoffs at time, it makes thrones to tremble, it controls the mighty ongoings of every government and political institution on the face of the globe. And for many a soul ambitious for worldly success, business takes the place of church and school and play and culture and everything else. The market, accordingly, which is the home of business, is the central fact in modern life today. What is the ideal of the market? Gain! The method of the market? Competition, or a better word would be, battle. The spirit of the market? Selfishness! The market is not a philanthropic institution —no one ever said it was. It does not aim to build up society—it aims to make money. Whenever it does build up society, as it so often does, this is only incidental to its main purpose. The American city today is ruled by the market. American citizens today are more and more becoming the slaves of the spirit of the market.

Let us not forget to say in passing that a great deal of business is clean, fine, honest, and built upon high ideals. But the general drift of business is not that way. Temptations abound for the man on the street. Trade is not founded on the principles of the New Testament so much as it is on economic laws that produce the dollar. Hence the cruel aspects of the market that often come to light.

What escape is there? The market must have cheap goods — so the sweat-shop sucks the life blood from thousands of pale-faced women in tenements as they sew, sew, sew, far into the hideous night, to earn a few miserable pennies. The market must have large profits—so the young girl clerk behind the counter of the store is kept down to starvation wages, and boldly advised to go out on the street and sell something which she owns and which will bring a far higher return than her toil. And some of us good church members, as we move heaven and earth to buy goods at a bargain price, forget that by that act we make ourselves part of that merciless market which grinds the poor and whips the sick and oppresses the helpless. Is it any wonder that the sympathetic observer, facing fearlessly all the facts as they are, the slum, the accidents in industry, the death-roll on our railroads, asks himself sometimes, "What is modern business but a great dripping shambles? Was there ever a car of Juggernaut more blood-bespattered than the chariot of our modern industrial and commercial prosperity?"

The market, let us say again, is not altogether such a place as the sympathetic observer fears. There are Christian men in business, thousands and millions of them. And the civilization of today is vastly more humanitarian than that of even a century ago. The world is growing better. But does not the Christian business man himself feel sometimes that he is caught in the great machine? That he is helpless to do the thing that he would? And is not this because the market, as an institution inherited from by-gone and un-Christian ages, is not yet altogether in harmony with the laws and ideals of Jesus Christ?

The task then is to convert the market. Then the market, or whatever takes its place, will convert the city. If we are to have perfect cities, we must put at their heart, not a market that is selfish and cruel, but something more lovely and spiritual. What shall this something be? It is a serious question. Yes, it is the most serious question of the present age.

Let us listen again to our text: "The place where Jesus was crucified was nigh unto the city." That text points the way. The cure for this age of unrest is to be found on Golgotha. The city must get acquainted with the cross. The secret of the new and golden social order was revealed on a Syrian hill two millenniums ago. Modern civilization is to be saved, not by social theories, however novel and elaborate; not by political reconstruction, however insurgent and far-reaching; but only by the supremacy of the Christ-law of sacrifice, the limitation of the Christ-method of sacrifice, the reproduction of the Christ-life of sacrifice. The cities, now dominated by the market, must come to be dominated by the cross. We said the market has a goal, a method and a spirit. The same holds true of the cross. The goal of the market is gain; the goal of the cross and all it represents is God. The method of the market is battle; the method of the cross is service. The spirit of the market is selfishness; the spirit of the cross is love. And cities will not be redeemed, and souls in bondage will not be liberated, and homes will not be purified and the whole level of man's walk will not be raised and become, like Enoch's, a walk with God, until the cross of self-obliterating sacrifice, which now stands outside the city walls, is brought into the city, is carried down through the streets of trade, in triumphal procession, is set up again in the very center of the market place, there to declare its stern moral rebuke, and sublime spiritual comfort will be felt by all the throngs that resort thither.

"Not for self but for others"—these are the words that were really written on the cross above the dying form of the Galilean prophet. There are the words which he had been exemplifying in all of his career. He began to live out the cross long before he hung upon it. And always the law of his cross condemned the law of the market. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"—that is the market-principle. "And the young man went away sorrowing, for he had great possessions"—that is the peril of the market. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—that is the tragedy of the market. And astute students of sacred history declare that it was only when Jesus cast the money-changers out of the temple, only when he brought his searching righteousness to bear heavily upon men's daily business, that he really signed his own death-warrant. It was business, unChristian business, business that would have none of the teachings of the Son of Man, that helped to put Jesus to death.

Yes, Christ's words were keen, and as clear as a naked sword-blade. And they must be learned by all the souls who are mingling their fortunes in a great city. The business man must learn them, and they will put a new gentleness into industry and trade. The politician must learn them, and they will raise party rule from a mad scramble after office into a steady competition in patriotic service. The sectarian preacher also must learn those words; the woman, inordinately proud of her family and social station, must learn them; the young professional man tempted to say "No" to philanthropic appeals must learn them. "Not for self but for others"—let these be the slogan for any city, and its material and intellectual and spiritual progress will be irresitible.

This is an age of civic invention and magnificent mu-

nicipal advance. "Uplift movements" are as common as blossoms in the springtime. But we need to remind ourselves that uplift movements are not the whole story. Uplift movements do not always go to the heart of the matter. The heart of the matter is the heart of the man who is the mater. That is a confusing sentence to understand, but it is true. What is the matter with our cities? It is the men who are in them—or at least a part of the men —who are in them. Let the cross of the Master change these men so that brotherly love, instead of selfishness, comes to be the blazing passion in their lives, and society will be made new. The cross of Christ is reproduced everywhere today in shapes of wood and plaster. Crucifixes and images fill the world. But the cross needs to be reproduced in life. This symbol of sacrifice is cunningly done in silver and gold and precious stones. The cross needs to be done into deeds. God Almighty nver intended Calvary to remain anchored somewhere in Palestine. He meant that Calvary should travel. Calvary is not a geographical location. Calvary is a gospel, a method, a way of life God meant that the cross of Jesus Christ shall not rest until it has invaded every city, transformed every center of business softened every law of trade, preached its gospel of sacrifice in every po'itical party, added its principle of kindness to every social group in human society. He meant that every man who believes in that cross shall consecrate his life solemnly, lavishly and with a supreme self-devotement to the high ends for which Jesus lived and died.

"Do you hear the call of the city?
Do you mark how the men reply?
Thousands and hundreds of thousands,
The throngs that are hurrying by."

"They give their youth and vigor
In eager sacrifice:
And out of the stress of the toi'ing
Shall the City of Beauty rise.

"They are worn and spent with labor;
They are beaten again and again:
But the city is calling, calling,
For the lives of Christian man."

Shall she have those lives? It is for you and me to answer. If we answer yes, then the city will come to know, as she has never known before, the glorious meaning of that cross which was from the foundation of the world.

THE CHILD OF THE RACE.

Christmas-Time Thoughts by John Humfreys, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Angola, Indiana.

Bethlehem gave the race its well-beloved son, for "unto us a child is born." The world's gratitude goes out to God for the little child of Bethlehem, for it belongs to all the race. The whole Christian world owns the child, loves him, stands for him and all the race would honor him did it but know him. The Christ-child is the peculiar possession of us all, God's gift to the world, all that the child represents—the love, the sympathy, the devotion of heaven are ours in him. Many a lonely heart has been cheered, many a desolate life has been filled with beauty by the realization of this gift, and the wor'd will be redeemed when it realizes the gift that has been placed in its arms in the child of Bethlehem. It is our gift; the gift of love of happiness, of life to all the race.

The child of Bethlehem represents a new type of man, he is "the first born among many brethren." The old is to pass away, the new is to come in. He comes showing that spirit is to be supreme. More than all the pomp of the world, more than all the splendor of kings is to be the reign of spirit. Brute force has long held sway, now a subtler force makes all material things subject to its beneficent workings. The new type shows man encompassed with divinity. Here in Jesus is the type of the "God-filled" man. The old idea of God separate and distinct is to pass away, henceforth every faculty, every power of man is to be filled with the divine. He is the type of "many brethren" who shall stand in Christ's stead bringing men into oneness with God. They shall be men who are masters not slaves, kings not underlings; men full of majesty, not meanness full of power, not weakness. Possessing the Christ-chi'd as God's gift to the race and seeing the Christ-man as the new type of man the whole world shall be transfigured with joy and righteousness.

BETHLEHEM.

Beth'ehem, Bethlehem,
Shimmering afar,
Underneath the sunlight,
Underneath the star,
You are like a precious gem
(Gold and ivory),
Set upon the morning hills
For the world to see!

Beth'ehem, Bethlehem,
With your domes and towers,
Do you ever brood and dream
Through the fleeting hours
That you have for diadem
What none other knows,
Set upon the morning hills,
White Judean rose?

Beth'ehem, Bethlehem,
Consecrate afar,
G'ad beneath the sunlight,
Blest beneath the star,
You have Him for diadem,
Him to whom men pray,
Born upon the morning hills
That first Christmas day!

OLD CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

Some Pagan Rites Are Used Today.

It is interesting to note that many of the Christmas customs which have endeared themselves to the people scattered all over the world have their origin in many cases among those ancient men and women who worshiped strange gods before they heard the message of peace brought to them by the early Christian Fathers. The holly, the mistletoe, the wassail bowl, the Yule log, and the Christmas tree are remnants of o'd customs that have become amalgamated and modified into the usage of modern civilization.

The Druids of Great Britain whom the Romans discov-

ered there when they conquered the Celts were a priesthood ruling the people by cruel witchcraft. They worshiped the oak, the mistletoe, and the holly. Their altars on their feast days were decorated with the branches of white and red berries, and one of the most important of these festal occasions was the celebration of the winter solstice when the sun began its backward journey.

Huge logs were brought from the forests, and fires were built in great heaps and in fireplaces in the homes, while the wassail bowl was passed around among neighbors and guests amidst great feasting.

When the early Christian Fathers came over to Britain, they found it was easier to amalgamate the feast days of the pagans with their own customs and teachings than it was to eradicate them from the minds of the people who, like all men and women, loved their recreation days. The Christian missionaries merely changed the name of the feast of the winter solstice to that of Christmas, and so the people paid tribute in the old way to the new God, which, to their simple minds, was quite compatible.

Soon, over half the earth,
In every temple crowds shall kneel again
To celebrate his birth
Who brought the message of good will to men
And bursts of joyous song
Shall shake the roof above the prostrate throng.

Oh, when the day shall break
O'er realms unlearned in warfare's cruel arts,
And all their millions wake
To peaceful tasks performed with loving hearts,
On such a blessed morn
Well may the nations say that Christ is born.

A SURVEY OF CONDITIONS IN CHINA.

The Noted Missionary, Dr. Arthur H. Smith, Reviews the Past, Surveys the Present, and Incidentally Indicates the Future.

(Recently the Rev. Dr. Arthur H. Smith, the veteran Congregational missionary to China, gave a series of lectures on China at Harvard University. What is given here is in part what was set forth in those lectures.—Editor.)

The great struggle in China has been between the Mandarin or Central Government and the provinces. The question has been, how far the people have rights, and what are those rights. China has been broken up many times and has many times coalesced. A process of separation is now going on. Shantung, for instance, has a nominal republic of its own. It is reported that a number of other provinces have done the same thing, and that only two provinces out of eighteen are now loyal to the Central Government.

The Central Government, the Throne, has always had power to appoint all the officers in the provinces. No person can hold office in his own province. The country is clamoring for home rule, for self-government. China is a curious compound of democracy and oligarchy. I think it very desirable indeed, however, that the Manchu dynasty should not be driven out.

One thing is certain; there is going to be a complete change in the nation. The Chinese are exhibiting a development not paralleled in the same length of time by any other people. Whatever is to be, I think we may say that it will be a government by the few under the direction of the many. A republic in China seems perfectly preposterous under present conditions. It is astonishing with what degree of secrecy the preparations have been made for the upheavals we are now witnessing. One thing that is imperatively needed at this time is a review or journal which shall put the best life of the East before the best people of the West.

Race Question in China.

There are many nations scattered through the provinces which are not Chinese. The Government has treated these people shamefully, even as we treated the American Indian. A book has recently been published about these oppressed people, many of whom have become Christians. Unless China does something to solve this problem, there will be trouble. Then there are the Mongol's. The Mongol belongs in the twelfth century. The twentieth century demands that he go to work. China has taken possession of Mongolia. A railway is being built which will connect with the Siberian Railway. The Mongols are a part of the race problem of China. The Manchus are another serious part of the race question. The rebellions now in progress have been not so much against the race as against the man. It is true that the Chinese hold that the monarch rules by the will of Heaven, but they also hold that he must conform to the rule of the people. All the dynasties have fallen by corruption coming from within. the Chinese have a saying to the effect that "He who keeps the will of Heaven shall be preserved, and he who breaks the will of Heaven shall be destroyed." The officials have been hopelessly corrupt. But it is quite impossible for a Chinese official to be honest. The whole system is against it. The official has no proper or stated salary. He is surrounded by parasites. The whole administration has been thoroughly corrupt.

China has for years been aware of the fact that there must be constitutional changes. In the autumn of 1905 it was determined that a constitution should be planned. Parties were sent out to investigate. Then a very elaborate system of constitutional government was provided for the people by the Chinese Government. The constitution was based on the conception that the emperor is the centre of everything. But China is different from Japan. In China how can they be loyal to a dynasty that has been so shifting, so changing? With them there is no loyalty to a person, but loyalty to an ideal. There is no such word as love of country in China. Yet the Chinese has the ideal of sacrificing himself for his country.

In the last decade a new China has arisen. There has been a great ferment going on among the young men and the old men, and especially among the students. Although there has been great opposition, they have sent their young men to the United States to be educated. The Chinese nation is now being moved by a small handful of men that have an ideal before them.

The New China.

What do we mean by the new China? We mean the China that is to emerge from the present disturbances. We may hope that there will be no intervention in China. Of course it is possible that China may be divided; but I do not think it at all probable. Other nations may come in and attempt to rule China. But whoever comes in there —they will have to get out before long. "There is a spirit in man"; and there is a new spirit in China. This has

shown itself in the struggle against opium. The largest province in China that was a user of opium has given up raising poppies. We thought we could do things—but what have we done compared to China? In Canton the people rose up and destroyed gambling in a day. If the Chinese can throw off opium, they can throw off foreigners.

What kind of a new China are we going to have? In the first place we are going to have a China with hope. This grows out of Christianity. China has been a land without hope. Now they have new hopes, new ideals. In the next p'ace it is going to be a country of fruition as well as of hopes. This will be brought about by the new spirit of restraint, and by education. The young men of China have come back from our universities, and they are doing things. The man at the head of the opium reform was a Yale University graduate. A great many of their young men have graduated from Yale—more than from Harvard. They have a society of Yale graduates in China.

And then we are going to have an era of liberal thought in China. The Chinese will have liberty to interpret their classics for themselves. We are going to have liberty of conscience in China. They have had religious liberty in Japan for a good many years. A great leader arose to bring this about. They have had no such leader in China, but the people are going to do it for themselves. The Christian schools are adapted to the Chinese. They gave to China the first glimmer of what education means. Christianity has already established a few first-class medical colleges in China. Now a new college has been established. It will turn out men who will be sanitary inspectors as we'l as doctors. A great research institute has also been opened. We hardly realize to what an extent great social and philanthropic movements have been carried on in China. In one day the streets of a big city were cleared of beggars.

The Educational Movement.

Chinese education has in the past been a great power to develop and to retard. In 1899, at the time of the Boxer Rebellion, Dr. Watson M. Hayes was called to one of the provinces to organize a college. Dr. Hayes' plan was adopted, and the empress dowager, seeing that something was being done, broadened out the plan for the whole empire. There followed, perhaps, the greatest inte'lectual change in the history of mankind. There are 2,000,000 scholars in China today. By the decree of 1907, the same educational rules that applied to men were extended to apply to women. At the present time there are fifty-two Chinese women studying abroad. There are now in China 35,198 new schools.

The Chinese built their system of education in their own peculiar fashion. They commenced with their colleges and they sent students to the United States. While the relations between the Chinese empire and the Japanese empire have never been very friendly, the Chinese, anxious for rapid accomplishment, sent students in great numbers to Japan. At one time there were more than fifteen thousand Chinese students in Japan, who came with friendly feelings to Japan, and went away hostile.

Late'y the scholars in China have developed a rebellious spirit, have actually boycotted their teachers, and in some instances have taken the government of schools into their own hands.

Under the old system, the number of people that could read was very small and the schools were all private. A decree for compulsory education has been issued, however, within a few months, and there are now, including men anw women, 652 Chinese students in the United States.

Amalgation of Different Peoples.

The term Chinese connotes a vast variety of material which has been brought under the melting and welding influence of Chinese civi'ization. The Canton (Kuantung) people have a different origin from the rest of the people. Some 1500 years ago, more or less, they became amalgamated with the Chinese people by a gradual process that went on for centuries. The four provinces along the southeast seaboard are made up of tribes that were not originally Chinese. These provinces have each their individual dialect not to be understood by people of other parts of China. All the Chinese in America, except the students, the merchants, and the laundrymen, are Cantonese. Outside of these four provinces the language is Mandarin, which is the court language, and that which is used for official business. Everything in the judicial courts is done through interpreters. Hence there has been a great deal of fraud.

The Chinese are a much more civilized race than we. They were for centuries absolutely segregated. The Chinese ships have not been adapted to long voyages. Nobody came, and nobody went. Then there has been the almost insurmountable barrier of the language. Theirs is a monosyllabic and pictorial language, which, through a long process, has been hammered into shape. The Chinese language seems to be hopelessly crude, as compared, for instance, with a language such as that of the Greeks. A peculiarity of Chinese civilization is that it came from within, not from without. The Japanese civi'ization, on the other hand, came from the outside. While the evolution of the Chinese has been slow, it has been constant. But in the last few years this evolution has been progressing at a mighty rate. The Chinese began their career in China in the West, so far as we know. We must remember that the Chinese began with a very small part of what is now China. They spread themselves, just as we have spread ourselves to the West, and just as the Russians have done.

The Chinese have a high conception of moral duty. This is shown in the teachings of the Chinese sages, and notably in the teachings of Confucius, 551, B. C. There is no use in thinking that there is such a thing as East and West—that these people are radically different from us; they are not. The Chinese believe in three things: First, that the emperor rules by the will of Heaven; second, they believe in learning; third, they believe in ancestor worship. I have said that the Chinese believe in learning; but there have been times when they have burned the books, and the scholars, too.

Another important element has been the conquest of the Chinese by the Tartars, who have been to China what the barbarians were to Rome. The Chinese wall was built to keep the Tartars out. As to the Manchus, the Chinese invited them to come in. A Chinaman once said to me: "We are not afraid of the Manchus; we have digested the Manchus."

Immense Resources.

There are in China vast undeveloped resources, enormous and untouched areas containing unlimited quantities of iron and coal. It has been estimated that in one province alone there is coal enough to supply the world for a thousand years. So, too, there are immense quantities of gold, of silver, and other minerals of value. One of the big problems before China is that of the rai'roads and who shall build them and direct them. In the navigation of rivers and in the matter of transportation the Chinaman has a positive genius, his facilities considered.

Environment and Physiography.

The environment of the Chinese is well adapted to their peculiarities. They have, however, racial traits which enable them to adapt themselves to any environment. It is easy to draw a series of parallels between the physiography of China and that of the United States. China has on the east, the sea. On the north is an unhabitable territory, just as there was once such territory to the north of the United States. On the west is an enormous elevation that has been called the roof of the world. From this elevation stretches a great p'ateau which is likely to be a strategic point for great conflicts in the future. All the rivers of China flow to the east, and so the population has flowed.

The Chinese language has been going through one of the most remarkable developments of all history. It never had any word for railway, for telegraph, or for telephone. When these things came to the Chinese, they had to find words for them. They have never had any word for religion. Their only word has been one which stands for instruction. Now they have imported a word from Japan which means religion, although it has a peculiar meaning of its own and stands for ancestral religion.

Religion.

China is in a condition now where she must have a re'igion. She has had religions, but not a religion. Her thoughtful men are coming to feel that a country can do nothing without religion.

China has had for religions, Confucianism, which is ethical, Buddhism, which is metaphysical, and Taoism, which is materialistic.

The great educational wave which has swept over China had its sources in Christianity. The first Protestant missionaries were the first educators, founding at Malacca their Anglo-Chinese College several decades before China itself was accessible. Their courage and faith were only equa'ed by their energy and perseverance. Dr. I. R. Brown's school at Macao and Hongkong, under the auspices of the Morrison Education Society, was the first of a long series. There it was that Mr. Yung Wing received his earliest training, which resulted in the early seventies in sending Chinese youth to America, a movement which, had it not been untimely checked, might have saved China from many bitter experiences. Every mission station may may be said to be ex-officio an educational centre; the primary school generally leading to the intermediate and often expanding into the Christian College. In like manner came the systematic instruction of Chinese girls, an absolutely new undertaking in China.

No avenue to the Chinese heart has ever been found at all comparable to that opened by the physician and surgeon. Medical colleges have been established for the training of women physicians. Institutions for the blind have been scattered all over China—from Pekin to Canton, and from Shanghai to West China. So, too, active and fruitful work has been carried on for lepers, for opium smokers, for the deaf and dumb, for the insane, and for the rescue of (slave) girls. Making due account of all the other influences that have entered into the evolution of the New China, it remains to be said that the greater part of the impulse for reform must be credited to the work of the missionaries.

And never more the blessing
Shall from the year depart,
If only we, dear children,
Keep Christmas in the heart.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Green Street.—Two young men and one young woman united with the church on confession last Sunday. Our building has been made the "center" for the religious census in the North Beach District of the city.

Angel Camp.—There were received into the church at Angel Camp December 3, by letter 2, on confession 6. Two children and three adults were baptized. The prospects in the mines are good. The town is about to incorporate. Its future is well assured.

Grass Valley.—The Ladies' Aid Society of our Grass Valley Church recently held their annual bazaar, but this year in the church parlors rather than hire a public hall. The net results were $225. The evening program was by the Intermediate Endeavor Society, who gave the Japanese wedding, wholly in pantomime. Every seat was occupied and many stood during the hour. Mrs. Alice O'Connor, the Intermediate superintendent, will gladly send directions to any other Endeavor societies who may wish to give this picturesque entertainment.

Sunnyvale.—Two boxes of provisions and clothing, etc., have recently been made up and shipped to the Indians of Northern California, one box going to our work under the Rev. and Mrs. Collet. The three Protestant churches here—Baptist, Congregational and Methodist Episcopal—have recently established a permanent interdenominational committee, consisting of nine laymen and the three pastors. Two things have, as a result, been accomplished: First, a union service the last Sunday night of each month, preceded by a union meeting of the young people's societies at 6:30 o'clock and a union prayer-meeting service the Wednesday preceding. Second, a thorough religious census taken covering an area of nine square miles. This is proving invaluable as a basis of pastoral work. The leaders of the church gave Mrs. Gause a fruit shower. As a result of the surprise and happy occasion more than a half-hundred jars of all kinds of canned fruit adorn the cellar shelves of the parsonage. Our congregations have doubled in size the past three months and the work is encouraging.

TRIBUTE TO A DEPARTING MINISTER.

It is very gratifying to Pacific Coast Congregationalists to see a pastor depart from a field of service with the expression of such esteem and good will as marked the departure from San Jose last week of the Rev. Dr. Patchell. The Daily Mercury speaks of the farewell which was given him in the Hotel Vendome as "one of the largest and most representative gatherings of citizens in the social annals of San Jose." The mayor of the city, and his wife, and a large number of the leading citizens were in the receiving line. A handsomely bound testimonial bearing the signatures of men and women prominent in the affairs of the city and of Santa Clara Valley was presented to Dr. Patchell. There were two copies—one for the departing pastor and one for him to carry to his mother. The wording was:

"The people of San Jose in express token of our appre-

ciation of the exalted character and great and varied talents of the Rev. William Trimble Patchell, D. D.; of his sturdy and courageous citizenship, his broad and liberal culture, his virile and inspiring eloquence, his winning and endearing personality binding all hearts to him in the strong and tender ties of love and friendship; and in grateful remembrance of his eight fruitful years of noble and unselfish ministry in our midst, do present this testimonial of our enduring esteem, confidence and affection."

The address of the mayor was in part as follows:

"We have gathered here tonight as friends and fellow citizens of San Jose—not only of San Jose but of Santa Clara Valley. The friends of Dr. Patchell have congregated on this occasion to extend to him their warmth of friendship and express to him our appreciation of his good qualities and his worth as a citizen of this community. This is not only a home city but an educational center and I am glad to see so many here tonight from the university town of Palo Alto. This is a representative gathering of citizens to pay homage to one who has worked to advance the moral, religious and educational interests of our city, and I am proud to be the Mayor of a city that shows this appreciation. As he leaves us tomorrow I hope he will carry with him a kindly remembrance of San Jose and that he will be given strength from his association amongst us as he goes to a larger field."

In response to all the loving words which came to him that night Dr. Patchell said that the eight years he had lived in San Jose had been the richest of his life. "I have grown and you have seen me grow," he said ,"because you have made me grow—you have compelled me to grow—I am stronger intellectually and I hope spiritually. I have steadily refused to be considered a candidate for a permanent pastorate and will not until I know what God would have me do. But I do know that I am going to preach—preach the unsearchable riches of God in Jesus Christ."

"It is a serious responsibility," continued Dr. Patchell, "to listen to what has been said tonight. When a man like Judge John E. Richards stands here before one and gives expression to the sentiments he has tonight it makes me feel very, very humble. I was not born to be a preacher, I suppose, for it seemed to be farthest from my birth and from my surroundings. I was born in the midst of commercialism and much of poverty, but as I listened to Mayor Davidson and to Judge Richards whom you selected to speak your specific sentiments, I must believe something of what has been said. I expect to go forth in the strength of the human love that has been extended to me in this community and accept this love as a great trust."

Last Sunday Dr. Patchell occupied the pulpit of the New England Congregational Church, Chicago. Next Sunday and the following he will preach in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and later will enter on a three months supply service in Torrington, Connecticut.

JOINT ASSOCIATION MEETING.

The San Francisco and Bay Associations of Congregational churches and ministers met in joint meeting in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco on Thursday of last week, the Rev. Mr. Charnock, the moderator of the San Francisco association, presiding.

Most of the time of the afternoon session was spent in considering the question of the merging of the two associations into one. The matter was so ably presented by Rev. S. C. Patterson, Deacon I. H. Morse, Revs. L. L. Wirt and Geo. H. DeKay that there was very little opposition to the proposal. By only a few dissenting votes it was handed down to the separate business meetings a little later as the sense of the joint meeting that by union the interests of Congregationalism in the bay region would be best served. When the matter was voted on in the San Francisco association the proposition was favored unanimously, and only a few votes were cast against it in the Bay Association.

Committees to formulate plan of union and to report at the next meetings of the two associations were appointed. For the San Francisco: The Rev. Mr. Charnock and Messrs Morse and Symonds. For the Bay: President Nash, Rev. H. R. Miles, and Mr. S. M. Dodge.

The Bay Association elected the Rev. B. L. Brittin, registrar, to fill vacancy created by resignation of Mr. Wirt.

The committee on the reinstatement to ministerial standing of Mr. Alfred Bayley reported progress and asked for further time.

The invitation to meet with the Fruitvale Church in March was accepted.

At the joint service in the evening Mayor J. Stitt Wilson of Berkeley, gave an address on "The Vision of Jesus and Socialism." And the Rev. William Rader of Calvary Presbyterian Church one on "The Social Mission of the Church."

We write this report at a time when the hour has come for the last pages of copy to be in the hands of the printer for this week's Pacific, else some outline would be given of these two able addresses. Inasmuch as things so vital were under consideration comment may be made later.

A delightful feature of the program for the evening was the singing by the boy soprano, Frederick David Galloway, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Galloway, known to many readers of The Pacific. A great round of applause followed the little fellow to his seat, so charmingly had he rendered the solos.

AN IMPORTANT DAY IN NILES.

The dedication of the new house of worship of the Congregational Church of Niles on Sunday, December 10th, marks what is regarded as an epoch in the history of the town and township.

The local paper aptly says: "In its whole type, architecture, capacity and plans for large activity, the church belongs not to the village past, but to the civic future. It is the first important institution in our community that has distinctively stepped over into this future, and it is surely a happy omen that the feature which must always stand historically as the distinctive beginning of the larger Niles should be not a fine modern saloon, nor even a business block, park, or town hall, but a building consecrated to the unselfish service of the community, to virtue and high aspiration."

The Pacific has pleasure in giving its readers this week a picture of this new edifice, which has been so planned as to minister to the higher life of the community in manifold ways.

The dedicatory sermon was given by the Rev. A. W. Palmer of Plymouth Church, Oakland, on the text: "Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee." The dedicatory prayer was by Professor Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary; Invocation by Mr. Mears, pastor in Alameda, and scripture reading by S. C. Patterson of the North Berkeley Church. Many clergymen and friends from the bay cities and surrounding country were in attendance to rejoice with church and pastor over that to which they had attained.

The Rev. H. N. Bevier, of a nearby Presbyterian church, gave with hearty good-will the greetings of the neighboring churches, expressing much pleasure in the good fortune of the Niles church.

We quote here from the local paper two paragraphs, showing the spirit which pervaded the service:

"Mr. Jones, the pastor, said but a few words; but it was easy to perceive in the whole service the feeling of gratitude and appreciation toward him on the part of the community, and of congratulation on the part of guests He said briefly and without urgency that the church was not without a debt, but no financial appeal was made beyond the ordinary collection. The service closed with a touching benediction by the founder and beloved first pastor of the church, Rev. F. H. Maar, whose presence at the dedication was one of its happiest features, and deeply appreciated, for in his present inva'id condition it was a hard trip to make, and he could not ascend the platform without help."

The paper adds: "It was a matter of much regret that Mr. Hale, the second pastor, was prevented from being here. Like the First Church of Oakland, the Niles Church has been singularly happy in its pastors."

Ecclesiastically the situation is ideal at Ni'es. The Congregational is the only Protestant church there, except a small Episcopal organization, and the town is to be congratulated in that this fine edifice has been reared there for the good of man and the glory of God. May it be for the devoted pastor, the Rev. F. V. Jones, long time yet to lead the people there in the green pastures and by the still waters of God's love!

MINISTERS' MEETING.

There will be no meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity until the second Monday in January.

MARRIED.

In the Mission Congregational Church, November 21, by the groom's father, Rev. Ben. F. Sergent, Ralph S. Sargent, only son of the officiating minister, and Miss Alice Winifred Drew of San Francisco.

In lowly hut and palace hall
Peasant and king keep festival,
And childhood wears a fairer guise,
And tenderer shine all mothers' eyes;
The aged man forgets his years,
The mirthful heart is doubly gay,
The sad are cheated of their tears,
For Christ the Lord was born today.

—Susan Coolidge.

The January St. Nicholas, issued December 15th, is a real Christmas number, with many Christmas stories, pictures and jingles.

THE NEW CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AT NILES.

The Home.

A COMMON-SENSE CHRISTMAS.

By Harriet Lummis Smith.

"And the total," Elizabeth announced triumphantly, "is over $79; to be exact, $79.13." The family listened with the unfeigned respect exacted from the average mortal by the ability of any individual to keep his or her account to the penny. But though respectful, their attitude was not inquisitive. It was only Morton who met his sister's disclosure with a question, "Well, what of it?"

Elizabeth did not answer immediately. She was not altogether sure whether the last figure in the total she had named was a three or a five, and was busy adding up the column to make sure. Morton repeated his question impatiently.

"Well, what of it? Suppose you did spend nearly $80 for your Christmas gifts a year ago. Do you want us to censure your extravagance or praise your generosity? Are we to be shocked, or dumb with admiration?"

"Neither!" Elizabeth erased the uncertain figure three and made another in its stead. "I haven't got to the point yet. I spent practically $80 for Christmas last year, and here are the things I received."

"So methodical!" Elizabeth's mother murmured admiringly, as Edith put aside one list and took up another. Mrs. Jennings laid no claim to method. She kept her house on the allowance her husband made her, and always had something left over for missions and for the poor who came to her back door, but figures in columns or lists of anything, made her head ache. At the present moment she was wondering humbly how it was possible for her to be the mother of so remarkable a young woman as Elizabeth.

"From father," read Elizabeth clearly from the list, "a traveling bag. From mother a set of George Eilot. From Morton a pin—turquoise and pearls. From Fan an embroidered shirtwaist." She paused dramatically. "These are gifts from the family. They came nearer to being what I wanted than anything else I received. And yet nothing"—she emphasized the negative by repeating it—"nothing was exactly right."

"Upon my word!" cried Morton, and his mother threw a reproachful glance in his direction. "Wait dear," she said. "Your sister is going to explain." This bit of natural intuition was justified by the sequel. Elizabeth did explain.

"The traveling bag was nice, but I should have preferred a suitcase. I don't care for Eliot near as much as for other authors. Of course your pin was lovely, Mort, but——"

"Oh, go on! Don't spare my feelings," said her brother satirically, and Elizabeth, taking him at his word, proceeded on her unruffled way.

"It was lovely, but I have a pin with sapphires and pearls, so would have preferred something more strikingly different. It's the same way with the shirtwaist," Elizabeth added pleasantly. "It was nice of its kind, but nothing that I really wanted. Of course the presents from outside friends were far less satisfactory. For instance!" Her eye skimmed the list as a bird skims a lake, just touching the water here and there. "Life of Napoleon in three volumes from Uncle Dexter. As if nowadays you had time enough to read three volumes of anybody's life! Individual berry fork from Kitty Newell. Think of my eating berries with a fork while the rest of you are using spoons!"

Elizabeth's remarks were received with the most flattering attention. The family sat about like a circle of hypnotic subjects, staring blankly. Even Morton had ceased to interrupt. "And now," announced Elizabeth, a ring of triumph in her voice, "now I'm going to give you my idea of a common-sense Christmas."

Morton rallied for a moment. "Oh, then there is a remedy! Well, that's something." But his sister ignored him in her eagerness to reveal her plan.

"Think; if I'd spent $80 for myself I could have bought those furs I was so crazy about. Or suppose I'd put the money into concerts; $80 worth of music in a winter! If mother had used her money as she liked she might have had a new serving table for the dining room, and there were lots of things Morton could have treated himself to if he hadn't wasted his cash on turquoise pins and the like."

"Then you mean," Morton was beginning, but Elizabeth was not willing to leave the enunciation of her climax to another. She took the words from his lips.

"I mean that it's time to break away from silly old conventions and plan our Christmas on common-sense lines. Why spend a lot of money buying people things they never thought of wanting and receiving from them gifts of the same sort? Let's have it understood that we give no Christmas presents this year. Then we'll each of us use what we would have spent in getting what we especially want. It seems to me," concluded Elizabeth firmly, "that such a plan should commend itself to the common sense of everybody."

"I don't know how you reasoned it all out, dear" said Mrs. Jennings with proper humility. "I never could have done it in the world."

"No, I Don't believe you could," said her son with meaning. "It isn't such a bad idea, though," he added, "especially if everybody is dissatisfied with what they've been getting for the last dozen years or so." Morton's own thoughts were turning toward a chair he wanted for his den. A big leather affair whose cost had hitherto appeared prohibitive. But if Elizabeth didn't care for the turquoise and pearls what was the use of a fellow's sacrificing the things he wanted himself? He made up his mind that he would order the chair, provided the rest of them agreed to Elizabeth's scheme.

Elizabeth was a little disappointed at the apathy with which her plan was received. But if not enthusiastic, the family was docile. Elizabeth wrote little notes to distant relatives outlining the new method of keeping Christmas, and broke the news to nearer friends by word of mouth. People seemed interested. Many acknowledged that the plan appeared sensible, but few professed themselves converts. Elizabeth encouraged herself by recalling the hold that custom has upon most natures. After all her experience was more encouraging than that of most innovators, for she had at least carried her family along with her.

As the December days slipped by, and the 25th drew

near, Elizabeth's mood became increasingly self-congratulatory. She looked from lofty, pitying heights on hurried, flustered friends who went about carrying lists of names and racking their brains to remember whether or not they had sent Uncle Henry's little boy an Indian suit last Christmas. Elizabeth smiled when she saw the crowded street cars pass, women clinging to the straps, with parcels under their arms "Think what we're escaping," she remarked frequently, and the family murmured subdued agreement.

Elizabeth had ordered the furs she could not afford the winter before, and Mrs. Jennings had visited a number of furniture shops, looking for a service table for the dining room. Mr. Jennings rather thought that his Christmas celebration would be a new overcoat, though he displayed no enthusiasm on the subject. Fan had made out a "gorgeous" list, beginning with gold beads and ending with six pairs of gloves. She went down town with the other shoppers and brought her parcels home when the crowd was densest. "It makes it seem more like Christmas," she told her mother, and Elizabeth, overhearing, thought it a very silly speech.

The men of the Jennings family came home early the day before Christmas. The house was unusually quiet. Instead of the usual flurry, the demand for wrapping paper and string and sealing wax, the hurrying to the head of the stairs when the express wagon stopped, the straining of attention when the door bell rang, all was quiet, peaceful and orderly. Elizabeth put on her furs and wore them down to be admired. Fan produced her gold beads an other trinkets. Morton revealed his intention regarding the leather chair.

"I'm sure it ought to be a very nice Christmas," Mrs. Jennings said. "Each of us has exactly what he or she most wanted." A faintly polite murmur of corroboration went around the room. Then Morton and his father began to discuss what the new Congress was likely to do. They talked vehemently. It seemed as if they would never finish with the subject.

When the bell rang they all jumped exactly as if they had believed in Santa Claus and were sure that the old gentleman himself was at the door. But the caller was not Santa Claus. It was a little neighbor living across the street, and he came clumping up the stairs in his rubber boots, his chubby red face shining like a holly berry, his black eyes dancing. He went straight to Mrs. Jennings and stood leaning against her knee as he announced, "I've brought you a Christmas present."

"Oh, my!" cried Mrs. Jennings, and looked around the circle with a sort of appeal. Her neighbor held his gift toward her.

"It's tied up with a red ribbon," he explained breathlessly. "And you don't need to wait until tomorrow to open it, if you don't b'lieve you can."

"Im sure I can't," said Mrs. Jennings, and removed the red ribbon. Then she removed the tissue paper and held up to view something slender and pointed. Her neighbor pranced with excitement.

"It's a slate pencil," he shouted. "You can draw pictures with it , 'n you can work 'rithmetic. It makes a nice squeaky noise when you scratch the slate with it—like a bird singing. I took a penny from my bank to buy it for you."

Mrs. Jennings gathered him into her arms. Presently he wriggled loose, his face redder than ever, his eyes shining, if possible, more brightly.

"I've got to go," he said. "I've got such a lot of presents to take 'round. Papa says I need a reindeer sleigh, but I guess he's fooling, 'cause nobody but Santa Clause uses a reindeer sleigh." He clumped off, stopping at the foot of the stairs to shout back, "Wish you a merry Christmas."

Mrs. Jennings looked hard at her slate pencil. "Oh, dear!" she said suddenly. "Oh, dear me!" and she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

It was an awkward moment. Elizabeth came to the rescue by saying in a rather uncertain voice, "That little chap is a perfect type of the average Christmas giver, don't you think so?"

Morton answered with something like a growl. But Elizabeth, sure of herself again, was continuing tranquilly.

"He takes his money, only a penny to be sure, but the principle is the same, and buys mamma something she does not want and cannot use. And then he expects her to be grateful, and he himself is perfectly complacent and satisfied. It's so typical—"

Morton rose to his feet so suddenly that it had the effect of cutting short Elizabeth's flight. "You're right," he agreed. "He is a type, lucky little beggar.."

Elizabeth stared. Her brother's choice of an adjective seemed to her unfortunate. But she did not need to ask Morton to explain, for he was doing so with the utmost haste.

"He isn't troubling himself about common sense," continued Morton. "He isn't spoling Christmas by trying to get the most for his money. He isn't old enough to have reasoned the thing out, but he's acting on the principle that a sentiment is a whole heap bigger than the thing which symbolizes it. Take that slate pencil. Mother, be honest. Doesn't that ridiculous thing touch you in a tender spot that wouldn't be reached by a whole suite of dining room furniture you bought yourself?"

"Indeed it does," acknowledged Mrs. Jennings, and sobbed aloud.

"Of course it does." Morton was holding the floor and showed no intention of allowing himself to be interrupted. "It's more than a slate pencil. It's all the little loving secrets that have been whispered since Christmas began, all the stockings that have hung by the fireplace and all the sacrifices that have been made to fill them. It's good will abroad in the earth. It's home ties. It's unselfishness. Common sense is all right in its place, Elizabeth, but we need one day in the year when it isn't paramount. What if we do get a little overtired sometimes? What if we're tempted to be a trifle extravagant? What if we make mistakes and choose foolishly? The spirit of the thing is there, and it makes this earth something more than a mart for buying and selling."

He was kicking off his slippers. "Morton," said Elizabeth feebly, "what are you going to do?"

"Do! I'm going to throw common sense to the winds. I'm going down town shopping. I hate to do it the day before Christmas, but this is an exceptional case. If I have to buy a velveteen pincushion, with an ornamental border of seashells, I'll buy it rather than be shut out altogether. I'm going to do up Christmas packages before I

go to bed, with Christmas seals on 'em and red ribbon, and all the rest."

"I'm going with you!" exclaimed his mother. She did not look at her daughter as she hurried to her room to get her things, and Mr. Jennings rose and made ready to accompany his wife as a matter of course.

"Morton!" It was Fan's voice thrilling with excitement. "I believe that nearly everything I've bought for myself will do to give away. I know lots of girls who wear the same size of gloves as I do." She rushed across the room, seized his shoulder, and whispered in his ear: "The gold beads will be the very thing for Elizabeth."

Elizabeth rose slowly to her feet. Her face wore the bewildered expression natural to the originator of a new and great enterprise who finds herself abandoned by those who have pledged her their fealty. Her lips moved in protest—or was it something else? "Morton"—she had found her voice at last—"I had $10 left after buying my furs. It isn't much, but it's better than nothing. If the rest of you will wait two minutes I'll go along."—The Continent.

WHAT MEANS THIS GLORY!

"What means this glory 'round our feet?"
The magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted, clear and sweet,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born."

"What means that star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him like those of yore,
Alas! He seems so slow to come.

But it was said in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold,
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All 'round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving will incline
To that sweet life which is the law."

So sha'l we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shal' daily hear the angels' song:
"Today the Prince of Peace is born."

—Lowell.

ALL THE YEAR.

"Christmas is a day of joy, but joy should not be allowed to die out of our lives next morning. It should stay with us ever after. We should sing the Christmas songs all the new year. We should carry the peace of God in our hearts continually hereafter. We should learn from this time to find the beauty and the good in all things, and to show the world that we believe what we say we believe —that since God loves us, and Jesus Christ is our friend, "all's well with the world."

Our Young People

THE DREAM OF THE TOY.

The Sandman lost a dream one night.—
A dream meant for a boy:
It floated round a while, and then
It settled on a Toy.

The Toy dreamed that it stood in class
With quite a row of boys;
The teacher rapped upon his desk,
And cried, "Less noise! less noise!"

Then looking at the Toy, he scowled,
And said, "Next boy—foretell."
"Oh, please, sir," cried the little Toy,
"I don't know how to spell.

"Indeed, I don't know how it is.
I'm sure I am a Toy,
Although I seem to be in class,
And dressed up like a boy."

"What's that? What's that?" the teacher cried.—
In awful tones he spoke:
He came with strides across the floor,
And then the Toy awoke.

There lay the nursery very still,
The shelf above its head:
The fire burned dimly on the hearth,
The children were in bed.

There lay the dolls and Noah's Ark.
"Oh, dear me," said the Toy,
"I just had such a dreadful dream.
I dreamed I was a boy."

—Katherine Pyle.

ROB'S CHRISTMAS.

"Rob Morton says that there isn't any use to ask him to join our c'ass," said Alfred Snowden to the boys assembled in a business session. "He says he is too poor to buy a new suit of clothes, and he won't come in his work suit. He thinks the boys would make fun of him. He told me he would like to join us, but that one thing is keeping him out."

"I've thought of something," exclaimed Guy Mitchell, springing to his feet. "Next week is Christmas. Our class has always spent a lot of money in having a jolly good time, and I suggest that we make this Christmas a means of blessing to some one else. Suppose we help Rob Morton to buy that suit of clothes. I can't b'ame him for not coming to Sabbath-school in his everyday clothes. It would humiliate him very much. There is a justifiable pride which every boy ought to maintain. I, for one, feel sorry for Rob. His father is dead and his mother is an

invalid. She sews a little to help along, but he has to make most of the living. His sister and brother are too small to help. Rob is a hard worker. He works at the factory from morning until night, beside doing chores around the house. He is simply denying himself an education and all the pleasures of life to support his folks, and I honor him for it.. I make a motion that we take half of the twenty dollars in the treasury and present it to Rob for a Christmas present, that he may buy a new suit of clothes and become a member of our class."

"I second the motion," came from a number of boys at the same time. The president put the question, and it carried unanimously.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear and Rob Morton was up at the rising of the sun. He was bemoaning the fact that he was not able to purchase a Christmas turkey for his loved ones. Almost every Christmas day during his father's lifetime, a turkey, cooked to a turn by his mother, had steamed from their dinner table. It was different now since the meager wages Rob received must go for the bare necessities of life. A lump had risen in Rob's throat while these thoughts were crowding through his mind. He had stepped out on the front porch to get a fresh breath of air and try to swallow the lump in his throat, when he discovered a basket near the step filled to overflowing. He lifted the cloth covering, and his eyes beheld a big fat turkey stuffed in the basket. He drew a long breath in joyous surprise. Then he read the tag on the handle of the basket: "A p'easant Christmas to Rob Morton is the wish of the Good Fellowship Class."

Rob picked up the basket and hurriedly carried it into the house to his mother. "Look, mother!" he cried; "the Sabbath-school boys have given us a turkey for Christmas."

"Bless their dear hearts!" exc'aimed Mrs. Morton. "I always did like those boys. They have been so kind to you, I wish you had joined their class even though your clothes don't look very well."

"They are dandy fellows," laughed Rob. "I'm sorry my clothes are not fit to wear. Maybe next month I can save enough to buy a suit.'

"But what is this?" asked his mother, lifting a small bag of something from beside the turkey. "I believe it's money."

"O. I reckon not, said Rob, taking the bag in his hand. "Surely they didn't send money too."

He quickly opened the bag and poured out its contents. Ten bright si'ver dollars fell into his mother's lap. Among them was a slip of paper bearing these words: "The Good Fellowship Class desires to see Rob Morton next Sunday in a new suit of clothes."

Rob fairly shouted with delight, while tears of joy ran down his cheeks. The rest of the family shared his exultation, and his mother said: "Rob this is the happiest Christmas we've had for a long time, and the Good Fellowship Boys brought it about."

"I told you they were dandy fellows, and they are," declared Rob.

The next Sabbath, when Rob Morton greeted the Good Fellowship boys in his new suit of clothes, there was a regular love feast.—Ex.

THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

When Ansagarius preached the White Christ to the Vikings of the North, so runs the legend of the Christmas tree, the Lord sent his three messengers, Faith, Hope and Love, to help light the first tree. Seeking one that should be as high as hope, wide as love, and that bore the sign of the cross on every bough, they choose the balsam fir, which best of all the trees in the forest meets the requirements.

The legend makes me think of the holly that grew in our Danish woods. We called it "Christ-thorn," for to us it was of that the crown of thorns was made with which the cruel soldiers mocked our Savior, and the red berries were the drops of blood that fell from his anguished brow. Therefore the holly was a sacred tree, and to this day the woods in which I find it seem to me like the forest where the Christmas roses bloomed in the night when the Lord was born, different from all other woods, and better.—Jacob Riis.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WANTED TOO MUCH.

(From the January St. Nicholas.)

Once there was a little boy who worried because his stocking was small. He wanted many nice presents for Christmas, and he did not see how Santa Claus could squeeze them all in one stocking.

"Santa is a very busy man," thought Little Boy, "and perhaps he wouldn't notice if I should cut the toe from my stocking. And then he might go right along pushing things through the hole, in the dark! And so I might get lots and lots of dandy presents, even if there would be no enormous ones, like an automobile, or a giraffe."

Santa Claus worked so softly that Little Boy heard never a sound. But when he rushed to the stocking next morning, with a candle in his hand, he pulled out—a new pair of stockings, which stopped up the hole in the Christmas stocking. Pinned to the new pair was this note:

Dear Little Boy:

I am sorry to find a big hole in your stocking, and so I am leaving you a new pair, which you can save to hang up next Christmas. Your friend, S. CLAUS K. KRINGLE.

THE WAY TO SHADOWTOWN.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown.
It sails away at the end of the day,
Just as the darkness closes round.

Rest, little hand, on my shoulder—so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare.
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking chair.

See, where the firelogs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of Shadowland.
The raining drops on the window—hark,
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still;
Blossoms are wavering o'er its brim—
Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down.
Dear little passenger, say "Good-night."
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

—Eugene Field.

Watch well the building of the dream;
However hopeless it may seem,
The time will come when it shall be
A prison or a home for thee. —W. Webb.

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A TALK WITH BOYS.

"Remember, my son," says Robt. J. Burdette, "you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around you, you will see the men who are most able to live the rest of their lives without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. Men die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at 6 p. m. and don't get home till 2 a. m. It is the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday.

"There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names. It simply speaks of them as 'old So-and-so's- boys.' Nobody likes them. The great, busy world does not know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and do it. The busier you are, the less harm you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will all the world be with you."—Christian Guardian.

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